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BULLETIN

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DE WULL ER DE WUST (THE WILL O' THE WISP)

or

WOODLAND ECHOES

A Tennessee Tale Collected by Thomas W. Tally*

Near Shelbyville, Tennessee, about a half century ago, a little Negro boy, Henry Hill, had a mother, Betty Hill, who lived alone with him in a one-room cabin in the back yard of a white family to which she had belonged in the days of American slavery. Both the mother and her son associated very little with the other Negroes of the community. Thus when Henry went to attend the Mt. Zion public school, his eyes were opened to a new world.

Henry had never seen so many books in all his life, and had never conceived of so large a number of black boys and girls who could read and write. He therefore sat there, his first day of school, in wonder and amazement.

The teacher took little Henry and gave him a lesson on the alphabet, printed on a large chart which hung on a nail driven into an unhewn log of the cabin's wall. She then left him to study, while she called and gave instruction to her advanced classes.

As class after class was called, Henry was so busy listening to the various recitations that he studied very little. Finally the teacher called her most advanced pupils for a recitation in geography. The lesson was on Africa. The teacher told her pupils many things concerning that far away land inhabited almost entirely by Negroes.

Little Henry sat and listened. He had never heard that there was any country in the world other than the one in which he lived. He forgot that there was any such thing as an alphabet to be learned, as he listened to seemingly fairy-like accounts of orange groves, coconut palms, bread trees, naked cannibals, and the like.

That afternoon, when he reached home, his mother asked: "Well, Henry, w'at did you l'arn in dat ar school to-day? Come, tell Mammy; caze she know dat you wus done gone an' l'arnt some o' dem A,B,C's."

"Yas, Mammy," said Henry, I's said all de letters over atter de teacher; an' I thinks, if I keeps on a gwine an' keeps on a sayin' de A,B,C's over atter her, I'll git so I can say 'em by myse'f fer a big speech lak dat one w'at we heared Marse Aleck make w'en he took us wid him an' Miss Lizzie down to whar de white folks wus a havin' dat big Barbecue. But Mammy," continued Henry, almost breathless from excitement, "I heared dat teacher a tellin' dem tother

* This tale is published with the kind permission of Dr. Lorenzo J. Greene, Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Missouri.

chilluns de cu'iousest thing you's ever hearn tell of! She say dat dere wus a place somewhars called Affiky, an' nobody don't live dere sca'cely 'cep' Niggers. She tells de chilluns dat some'o' de Niggers over dar wus reg'lar 'cannon-balls'; an' dey calls 'em dat caze dey kills an' eats up people. Mammy, "is dere setch a thing as 'cannon-ball' Niggers w'at eats one-nudder up or wus dat teacher jes a jokin'?"

"Well, Sonny," answered the mother, "dat teacher is so young dat she never did git wid de folkses w'at knowed. I haint never heared dat dere be's Niggers now w'at eats people up an' wus got de name of cannon-balls. My Gran'mammy tol' me w'en I wus a liddle gal 'bout dem kind o' Niggers w'at e't up folkses; but she call 'em 'Outlandish Folks-eaters.' W'en she tol' me 'bout 'em, she say dat dey wus all been turned into 'Wull-er-de-wusses'; so if dat teacher think dat dey wus still now a livin', she's done gone an' git it all wrong! You sees, Sonny, dat teacher is jes natchlully too young to a got wid de folkses w'at knowed 'bout de 'Outlandish Folks-eaters'; so she don't know dey wus all been turned into 'Wull-er-de-wusses' a long time befo' de folks now a livin' wus born.

"W'en yo' teacher call 'em 'Cannon-balls,' she wus a talkin' 'quality talk.' I useter hear some o' de big white folkses call 'em dat sometimes. I don't know zackly how dey comes to call 'em 'Cannon-balls,' onles it 's caze cannon-balls kills folkses an' beance dese here Niggers kilt folkses dey called dem 'Cannon-balls' too."

Henry sat for a while pondering over this unexpected "learning" displayed by his mother; then he addressed her thus: "Mammy, it 'll be a long time befo' I gits to studyin' jography; an' dat teacher 'll want me to wait ontel I gits to it, befo' I axes her 'bout dem sort o' things.----Den, you sees dat she don't know 'bout dis lak you does; an' I wish dat you'd tell me 'bout dese here 'Cannon-balls' or 'Outlandish Folks-eaters' or w'atsomever dey is."

"Henry," replied the mother, "folks says 'please mam' w'en dey wants sumpin an' is spectin to git it. I thinks dat you'd better sorter pick up yo' manners, Honey!"

"Yassum, Mammy! Scuse me! said Henry. "Please mam tell me 'bout it."

"Now, dat's sorter lak it!" answered the mother. "I wus a 'ginnin' to git skeard dat you wus a losin' some o' yo' trainin' by segashuatin wid dem ar co'n-fiel' Niggers at de school to-day."

"Set down over dar, I haint got nothin' much fer to do fer a while; an' I'll sorter roll 'roun' in my membunce an' see if I caint fetch out de ole into de new."

Away back yon'er, one time, de white folks useter go away off somewhars to whar a heaps of Niggers wus. (I specs dat it mought a been some place lak dat w'at yo' teacher wus a talkin' 'bout.) Dey cotched dese Niggers an' tied 'em an' brung 'em on home wid 'em fer to sell.

Granny say dat dere wus one pack o' Niggers, over dar whar dey go, w'at e't one-nudder up; an' de 'bull-tongue' white folks (said the mother, who had

heard the expression "bon ton") didn' ketch an' didn' want none o' dem kind o' Niggers.

Well, de nice big white folks went on a ketchin de nice Niggers, lak we is; ontel, atter while, dey git scace an' hard to git.

Dere wus in dem times a ole poo' white buckra Cracker w'at wus too poo' to buy Niggers. He wuked fer a long time as a Overseer, ontel he git enough togedder to buy hisself a ole poo' run-down-ed plantation.

W'en he git de plantation he wus too lazy to wuk it, an' he wus too poo' fer to buy Niggers to wuk it fer 'im. W'en he go to settle on it, he take his wife an' his liddle gal, Phoebee, wid him.

As de winter come on an' dere wusnt much wuk to be done, he leave his wife an' chile an' go on off to ketch some Niggers fer his plantation. He go away off somewhars over dar whar de Niggers useter live befo' dey wus all kotch up an' brought over here.

W'en he git over dar he meet up wid some white mens w'at wus out a Nigger huntin' too. Dese here mens tells him dat dere haint no use a gwine a huntin' single-handed, caze, if he do, dem 'ar Outlandish Folks-eaters 'll ketch 'im an' make hash outn 'im.

Den he axes dese here white mens to let him go cahoots an' hunt wid dem-- dividin' up de game fa'r an' squar' 'twixt an' 'tween 'em. But dese here mens tells him dat de game is a gitting so scace dat dey wus skeard dat dey wont git enough to go 'roun, if dey takes any mo' in de party.

To make deir words good about dere bein' Outlandish Folks-eaters, dey called in a dozen or so of 'em w'at dey wus done took, an' dey showed 'em to 'im. Dey tells him dat dey jes keeps dese out dar in de camp an' whups 'em an' makes 'em wait on 'em, whilst dey wus a collectin' de good sort o' Niggers to sell. Dey don't try to sell dem Outlandish Folks-eatin' Niggers.

He den axed dese here white mens if dese here Outlandish Niggers kilt an' e't one nudder right dar in de camp under deir eyes.

Dey tells him, No, dey wus done broke 'em up from dat by whuppin 'em; but nobody won't buy 'em, so dey jes keeps 'em dar an' uses 'em.

Dis here white man den say to de tothers dat dese here 'broke' Outlandish Niggers wus plenty good 'nough fer him. Den he offer to 'em dat he'll help 'em hunt 'good' Niggers; an' w'en de huntin' season wus over, he'll take de 'broke' Outlandish Niggers fer his pay, an' take 'em home to his plantation. He put in dat dey could ketch some mo' Outlandish Niggers an' whup 'em in shape fer to use instead of de ones dat he git fer his pay. Dey all tetch an' 'gree on dis.

Well, dey all hunts togedder ontel de end of de huntin' season; den dey broke up. Dis here poo' buckra Cracker den go home; an' he take his 'broke' Outlandish Niggers along wid him.

W'en he git home, he stribit 'em 'roun to wuk on de place. All de Niggers wus grown 'cep' one; dat one wus a liddle Nigger gal named Sissy. De grown-up Niggers wus all done gone an' git setch cu'ious names dat nobody caint 'member

'em. So dis here Hill-Billy Mosser an' Missus jes call all de men folks "Daddy"; an' all de women folks, "Mammy." Dere wusn't nothin' t'eat out dar on dat olc poo' plantation; an' de Niggers hafter all stay out togeder in a ole wore-out barn--dis dey uses fer a cabin. Dey had to hunt an' scrap aroun' fer a livin', sorter lak youse seed de dogs do 'mongst dese here poo' Niggers w'at keep a house full of 'em. W'en dey would ax deir Mosser fer sumpin t'eat he'd cuss 'em an' tell 'em to git out an' hunt up sumpin fer deirselfes.

Dey git out, dey do, an' dey kills an' eats dogs, lizards, an' grass-hoppers, an' worms, an' cats, an' ev'rything--'cep' dey wouldn't eat a black cat. Dese here Outlandish Niggers say dat a black cat wus got nine lives, an' wus deir bes' frien'. Dey depend on de black cat to save 'em from trouble in dis worl', an' to fix 'em up a sof' bed to sleep on in de nex' worl'. Befo' dey wus at deir Mosser's home no time, dere wusn't nothin' lef' loose, a runnin' aroun' dar 'cep' a right coal-black cat.

Befo' de fust summer wus over wid, atter deir Mosser wus brung 'em home, all dese Niggers wus clean gone, never to be seed no mo', 'cep' one. Dat one wus de Big Black Witch Root Doctor 'mongst 'em. He stayed an' lived aroun' in de worl', atter de tothers wus all gone, long enough to tell de folks w'at wus become o' all dem w'at deir Mosser brung home wid him; den he put in his disappearance. Dis wus de way it all come 'bout 'cordin' to what de Big Black Witch Root Doctor say befo' he wrop hisself up in de winds an' git so nowody caint see him no mo' neider; or as some tells de loration, w'at he say whilst he wus on de way to Freedom.

De Mosser hisself dont have no nothin' much to eat fer hisself, an' his wife an' liddle gal. So, one day, he riz up bright an' early an' went out a huntin'. He have powerful big luck, an' he kill an' bring home a whole satchel-bag full of squir'ls wid him.

W'en he git home, he calls his Niggers, an' he tell 'em to take an' clean 'em an' cook 'em fer him.

De Niggers den axed him if he wouldn't please Sir give dem a liddle bite of 'em to eat, caze it look to 'em lak dey mought jest have a liddle tas'e, beance dere wus so many of 'em.

He hand it out to de Niggers straight from de shoulder: No he haint a gwineter do it. Dey can b'il 'em done, take de meat offn de bones an' bring dat to him; den dey mought keep de bones an' crack 'em open an' git de morrer outn 'em fer deirselfes to eat. Den he show 'em his big bull-whup an' tell 'em: If dey tetches dat meat, den w'at he'll lak a tetchin bofe de meat an' de blood un'er deir hides won't be nothin'.

Well--de Niggers got some plates from 'im fer to put de game on atter it git done, den dey took ev'rything off wid 'em down to de ole Barn-cabin to clean an' cook an' fix up fer 'im.

Dey skint an' cleant de squir'ls. Den dey took de wash-kittle, wid legs on it an' set it on de big rock hearth which dey wus put down un'er de shed. Dey put de squir'ls in de kittle, poured some water on 'em, throwed in a liddle salt, and set 'em off a b'ilin'.

De squir'ls b'iled away; an' we'n de good scent of de smokin' (pot hit de

Niggers in de nose, it make deir eyes jump an' deir moufs water. Deir right eyes jump; an', w'en deir right eyes jump, dey all say dat 'twus bad luck-sign fer 'em all onless dey gits w'at dey wants right away. Dey all tetch an' 'gree dat de onliest way fer 'em to git w'at dey wants an' not to have de bad luck wus fer 'em allto take a liddle tas'e of dat 'ar squir'l. Dey thinks maybe dey can all take a liddle tas'e widout de Mosser a missin' it.

So dey tas'es de squir'l. Honey, de good tas'e of dat 'ar squir'l almos' run 'em 'stracted! Dey all sot aroun' de b'ilin pot a wushin; an' ev'ry time one would ketch all de tothers a lookin' off, he'd retch in wid a sharp stick an' take out a whole big piece o'squir'l, an' cram it in his mouf fer anudder tas'e. It keep on dis way ontel, w'en de time come fer de squir'l's to be gittin done, dey wus tasted all away! W'en dey all riz to dip de squir'l's outn de pot-licker an' put em on de plates, dey wus all gone!

Dey all den jes stood dar an' looked at one nudder. Nobody dont 'cuse nobody else; caze dey wus all skeard dat de tothers mought 'cuse dem. Den one o' de Niggers say to de tothers: "W'at's we gwineter do 'bout it?" An' de Big Black Witch Root Doctor make answer: "We caint do nothin onless Phoebee comes!"

He 'splain to 'em dat he mean: If dey can git hold o' Phoebee on de sly (Phoebee wus deir ole Mossers gal) dey can cook her an sen' her up to her mammy an' daddy to eat in place of de squir'l's. He say: "Beance de ole Mosser wus so good as to tell 'em to take out de bones, he caint tell no diffunce in de meat w'en dey sen' it to 'im."

Den dis nig' Black Witch Root Doctor make one of 'em go out an' ketch de plantation black cat an' bring her in an' rub her fer good luck. Whilst dey wus a rubbin' de black cat, Phoebee got to studyin' 'bout de good squir'l dinner w'at wus a comin', an she slip off onbeknowance to her mammy an' daddy to go down to de Barn-cabin to see how it wus gittin on a cookin'. W'en she got down to de Barn-cabin, dese Outlandish Folks-eater Niggers kilt her, took up de big stone hearth, buried her head un'er it, an' den put de rocks all back down over de buryin' place.

Dey put her on to cook, dey rousted up de fire, dey soon got her done an' ready fer dinner. Den dey took all de meat offn de bones, e't some of it, an' sent a "squir'l-measure" up to de Big House fer deir Mosser an' Missus' dinner. De Niggers burnt up most of de bones, but dey give a few of de leg bones an' arm bones to liddle Sissy (Dese Niggers' liddle gal) to crack open fer to git de morrer outn to eat. De Niggers all think dat de cracked up pieces of bones would make it look to de Mosser lak dat dey wus got deir dinner by crackin' up de squir'l bones an' a gittin de morrer outn dem fer to eat. Dis wus w'at de Mosser wus 'spectin' em to do.

W'en de dinner wus got to de Big House, de Mosser an' Missus call deir liddle gal fer to come an' eat wid 'em, but dere didn't no Phoebee come! Den day calls her some mo', an' w'en she dont answer dey bofe gits mad an' says: If she haint got no mo' sense dan to slip off to de neighbors to play w'en deres a big squir'l dinner on hand, den she can jes go on an' do widout--dey dont care! Wid dat much said, dey jes sot down an' stuffed deirselfs full o' "squir'l." Dey den say dat dey never did have setch a fine dinner in all deir bo'n days; an' bofe of 'em lay down across de bed to take a nap.

Whilst dey wus a sleepin' dey dream dat a bird wus a singing to 'em 'bout

Phoebee--sumpin 'bout "Buryin' her head an' crackin' her bones."

Dey didn't wake up from deir atter dinner nap ontel about midnight. Whilst dey wus a rubbin' deir eyes open, dey thought dat dey heared Phoebee a settin' out on de doo' steps an' a cryin' fer to git in de house.

Dey riz an' lit a candle, an' den dey holler to her to dry up dat cryin', dat dey wus a good mind not to let her in at all, caze she had no bus'ness a slippin' oif to play widout sayin' nothin'.

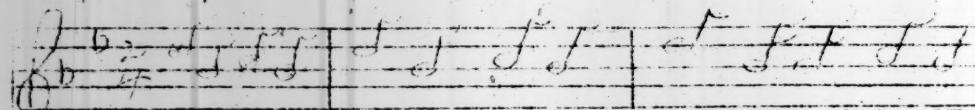
Dey onfastened de doo' an' opened it fer her to come in; but, as dey opened de doo', de candle go right out! Dey go back to de fire place, wid de doo' lef' open, an' light de candle again; but it go out jes as fast as dey can light it.

Den dey hollers to Phoebee dat dey haint a gwineter bother along wid no light no longer fer her; dat she can come on in an' go on to bed in de dark, lak she'd oughter fer gwine away an' not axin' nobody. But no Phoebee don't answer none o' dis here talk from nowhars! Den dey goes back to de doo' an' looks out; but dey dont see no nothin' but de black night wid a flash here an' dar of a lightnin' bug.

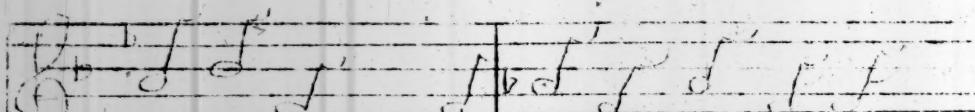
De Mosser den go back to de fire-place an' job a pine knot in de embers to start up a light. As de light git so dat it flicker about a liddle over de room, de Mosser an' Missus pull on deir clo'es an' spen' de balunce of de night a wakin' up deir neighbors an' a ramshackin' de plantation a lookin' fer Phoebee.

W'en de daylight come, wid no Phoebee foun' de Mosser an' Missus break down a cryin', an' go home an' set out on de pieizzer of deir house enjorin' de day. De neighbors an' all de tother folks in dem diggins keep up de search all mawin' a lookin' fer her.

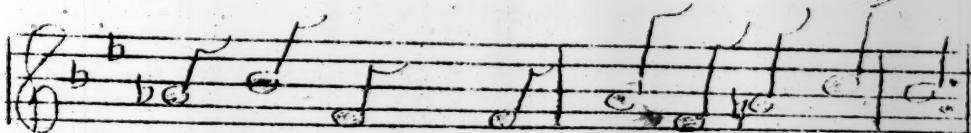
Whilst de Mosser an' de Missus wus a settin' out dar, along about dinner time (de time Phoebee wus kilt de day befo'), a great big drove o' wren-birds flew up an' lit in a big tree in front of de Barn-cabin whar de Niggers stayed. De Niggers wus a settin' down dar a lookin' at de birds an' a wishin' dat dey could git 'em to eat, w'en one of de birds busted a loose, an' you never did hear setch a singin' in all yo' bo'n days! Dis wus de song dat it sung:



Mammy kilt me! Daddy eat me! Poo' liddle Sissy



crack'd my bones! Dey bur'd my head un'er



big hearth stones! You's crackin' Phoebee's bones!

Law, honey! w'en dat ar wren-bird sing dis here song, all dem Outlandish Folks-eatin' slaves Niggers bucked out deir eyes on tel dey looked lak dey wus a gwineter pop outn deir heads! Dey picked up rocks an' sticks an' throwed at de birds, an' hollered: "Shoo----! Shoo----!" De birds 'ould fly a liddle piece outn de retch of de rocks an' sticks; an' den dey'd open up an' sing ag'in lak dey wus tryin' to bust deir th'oats open wid deir song. De sing:

"Mammy kilt me! Daddy eat me!
Poo' Liddle Sissy cracked my bones!
Dey bur'd my head un'er big hearth stones!
You's crackin' Phoebee's bones!"

Dem Outlandish Folks-eatin' slaves Niggers keep on a follerin up an' a rockin' de birds; an' dem ar wren-birds keep on a singin' an' a flyin' away from 'em.

Bymeby de old Mosser an' Missus hear de Niggers a hollerin an' a "shooin" so much dat dey git up an' sorter crawl out to see w'at 's de matter. By de time dey git out, de Niggers and de birds wus away off over in de woods, an' de most dey could hear wus: "Shoo----!" an' a song sumpin 'bout "Phoebee" an' "Bones." At las' dey makes up deir minds dat de Niggers wus jes out a lookin' fer Phoebee along wid de tothers, a hollerin an' a callin' her. So dey goes back on de pieizzer an' sets down.

Atter while w'en de Niggers come back de ole Mosser go down to de Barn-cabin an' ax 'em did dey find Phoebee.

Dey makes answer: No, dey haint been nowhars a huntin her.

De Mosser go on away from 'em widout sayin' no mo' to 'em.

W'en de white folkses all wus come back jes befo' night to de Big House from deir lookin' fer Phoebee, dey tells de ole Mosser an' Missus dat dey haint neider seed nor heared tell of her nowhars.

Den de ole Mosser an' Missus tell 'em 'bout deir dreams an' 'bout de cu'ious actin' of deir Outlandish Folks-eatin' Niggers, an' deir seemin' to hear some setch words in a song as "Phoebee" an' "Bones" out dar in de woods.

De folkses, w'at wus been a huntin' fer Phoebee, tell 'em dat dey wus skeard dat dey wus so sorrowful dat dey jes 'magine dat outn deir own heads. Dey thinks dat de Mosser an' de Missus wus all wrong; but dey makes up deir minds dat it wouldn' do no harm fer to go down to de Barn-cabin an' pump de

Niggers to see w'at all dey mought git outn 'em. So dey all starts off fer down whar de Outlandish Folks-eaters is.

De Niggers seed 'em all a comin' an' dey knowed dat dere wus sumpin a brewin' in de air. Dey picks up de black cat, which dey wus managed to keep 'round 'mongst 'em, and goes over an' sets down in a liddle huddle on de groun' in de corner of de Barn-cabin. De Big Black Witch Root Doctor tell de tothers to rub de black cat hard in de right way fer good luck; an' to let him do de talkin' 'cep' w'en he scratch on de ground by movin' his foot, den dey could talk.

W'en de white folkses git dar dey axes 'em: Is dey seed any thing of Phoebee anywhars?

De Big Black Witch Root Doctor make a scratch by sorter draggin' his big toe a liddle bit on de groun'; an' den dey all make answer, one atter de tother, "No Sah!"

Den dey axed 'em: W'at did dey go out in de woods fer to-day?

De Big Black Witch Root Doctor scratch ag'in; an' dey all make answer dat dey wus tryin' to kill some o' de birds so as to git sumpin t' eat.

Den dey axed 'em how it 'twas dat dey wus heared words out dar setch as "Shoo---!" "Phoebee---!" an' "Bones---!"

De Big Black Witch Root Doctor keep his foot still so as to close up de moufs of de tothers; den he bust in lak he wus skeard dat dey wouldn't git told all 'bout it, an' say: Dey wus a tryin' fer to kill some birds fer to eat. Sissy, deir liddle gal, wusnt big enough to go along wid 'em; so dey lef' her behind. W'en dey git out in de woods, some o' de crowd kep' a hollerin back to Sissy to keep herse'f comp'ny by crackin' squir'l bones fer to git de morrer whilst dey wus gone. Dat wus de reason dat dey hear de words "Bones." Whilst dey wus out in de woods, some of de Niggers hollered to de tothers dat dey wus skeard dat Sissy mought go an' put in her dispearunce lak Phoebee whilst dey wus gone. Dat wus de reason dat dey heared de words "Phoebee."

Den de Big Black Witch Root Doctor 'splain furder: Dat, whilst dey wus out dar in de woods, some of de Niggers suggest dat de witches mus' a come along an' tetched Phoebee so dat she turned to a gnat an' j'ined de Air Gang. W'en dey all thought 'bout dis dey wus got powerful skeard dat Sissy mought go an' do dis same thing befo' dey git back to de Barn-cabin. So dey wus all kep' a hollerin: "Shoo---! Shoo---!" fer to keep de witches away ontel dey could git back dar.

Well---! de white folkses wus all bumfuzzled up by de good luck w'at de black cat wus a givin' de Folks-eaters by deir rubbin' her. So dey tells de Niggers dat dey wus mighty proud to hear dat dey didn't have no han' in Phoebee's gwin; caze, w'en dey did find out who took her, dey wus a gwineter hang 'em up by deir ham-strings, rip de skin offn' 'em, den take a knife an' onjoint 'em! Befo' dey leaves, dey sorter pours into de Niggers' years fer good measure dat dey wus a gwineter pull up ev'ry weed an' comb ev'ry speck of dirt on de plantation a lookin' fer Phoebee tomorrow--de ve'y nex' day!

Dey wus done turned deir backs fer to walk away w'en dey say all dis an' it

'twus a good thing fer de Niggers dat dem backs wus turned. Dem Niggers wus git taked wid de "All-overs!" Honey, it 'twus black cat luck dat dey didn't look back; caze, if dey had, dey would a seed dem Outlandish Folks-eaters wid deir hair a standin' lak hog-bristles, deir teef a clatterin' lak tin pans an' deir knees a knockin' togedder jes lak de rattlin' of de bones a shakin' in de wind 'twixt de fingers of one of dese here good banjer pickers. All dat talk 'bout "combin' ev'ry speck o' dirt" make 'em feel dat it mought mean de "combin'" of some folkses' heads clean off!

Dat night de Niggers wus all skeard to death; caze dey wus a thinkin' 'bout de white folkses a "combin de dirt" fer Phoebee. Dey makes up deir minds right away to put de black cat in a bag--a leavin' her head out th'ough a hole in it--to make shore to keep her an' have her on han' to rub fer good luck, make no diffunce w'at come. Dey say dat it lock to 'em lak dey wus got a long road befo' 'em; so dey thinks dey'd better lie down an' take a liddle res', an' den git up an' do deir do's.

Dey fix up a big fire on de big rock hearth in de Barn-cabin, an' den dey lie down to res'. Dey lay dar a restin' but dere wusn't much sleepin'.

Whilst dey wus a restin', along about midnight, w'en it wus as dark as pitch, de wind 'gin to cry jes lak a liddle chile. Terreckly after dat, a great big red-eyed wolf, about de size of one o'dese here big flop-eared Nigger hounds, manage to pull hisself out from un'er de big hearth-stones whar Phoebee's head wus buried; an' he sat down on de hearth in front of de fire!

De Niggers, dey locks at 'im, dey looks at one-nudder, an' dey lies still. De wolf, he jes sat dar!

Bymeby sumpin' else 'gin to squeeze an' pull itself out from un'erneath de big hearth stones whar de Outlandish Folks-eatin Niggers wus buried Phoebee's head. Its pullin' itself out from un'er de stones of de hearth make a noise w'at sound sumpin' lak a b'ilin' kettle on legs. W'en de thing, after so long a time, manage to ontangle itself an' git out, it turned out to be anudder great big red-eyed wolf an' it wus as big as a yearlin' calf! It sat down by de tother wolf w'at wus de size of a big dog, an' sat dar.

De Outlandish Folks-eatin slaves Niggers look at 'em, lay low, an' say nothin'.

Terreckly de big yearlin-sized red-eyed wolf say, wid a cracked-splintered fence-rail voice, to de big red-eyed dog-sized wolf: "Well! W'at 's we a gwineter do 'bout it?"

Den de big dog-sized red-eyed wolf make answer: "Well--" I reckins dat we caint do nothin' ontel Phoebee come!"

W'en de Niggers hear an' see dis, dey didn't zackly leave, but day--sorter quiet lak--retched out wid deir hands, pult in deir liddle belongings, an' fixed 'em up in liddle fastened-togedder bundles. None of 'em dont say nothin' 'cep' de Big Black Witch Root Doctor; an' he jest whisper to de Nigger a holdin' de black cat not to let it git away fer nothin', caze, if he do, dey wus all ruint!

Atter while sumpin' nudder 'gain 'gin to pull itself out from un'er de big hearth stones. Its pullin' out make a noise sumpin' lak somebody a crackin' an'

a bustin open bones fer to git de morrer outn'em!"

W'en it git out, it turn out to be anudder big red-eyed wolf, as big as a cow! He step up an' take his place in de long line by de side of de tother big red-eyed wolfs. Atter a liddle he open up his mouf to say sumpin; an' as he open up, he show his great long white tushes as big an' as long as dese here long iron wedges w'at you splits up logs wid. Dis here big red-eyed cow wolf say, wid a voice dat soun' lak rumblin' thunder away off yonder: "Well---! W'at is we a gwineter do about it!?"

Honey! Dat rumblin' voice shook dat ole Barn-cabin ontel it look lak dat it wus a gwineter tumble down right on top of de Niggers' heads! Dey didn't wait to hear no answer. Dey give 'em leg bail an' toted deirselves away from dar jes a kitin. W'en dey make it to a sorter safe distance, one 'em hollers back 'twixt an' 'tween his puffin's and his blowin's: "W'en Phoebee comes, you can tell her we's gone!"

* Well---! Dese here Outlandish Folks-eatin' slaves Niggers run ontel dey goes across a branch of runnin' water. (You sees, Honey, hants caint foller nobody across runnin' water; so de crossin' of de branch got 'em shed of Phoebee's hant.)

De makes up deir minds den, dat dey wants to go back up dat way fer a minute or so; caze dey lef' so unexpected dat dey didn't bring away all dey want. So dey all turned deir pockets wrong-sided out'ards; caze hants caint bother folkses wid deir pockets fixed dat a way. W'en dey git deir pockets turned, dey go back an' slip up to deir Mosser's smoke-house an' take off some hog-jowls w'at de whitefolks wus been a savin' up fer starvation times.

W'en dey git de hog-jowls, dey go on off in de dark, down de big road, wid deir liddle bundles, a rubbin' de black cat de right way fer good luck.

Dey walk down de road about two miles, whar a branch of water run across it. Dey waded through dis branch an' kep' on down de road about a mile furder to whar dere wus a big pond by de side of it.

De Big Black Witch Root Doctor stop 'em at de pond an' make 'em all walk aroun' de edge of it in de mud an' water, whilst dey rubs de black cat de right way all de time fer good luck. Den he headed 'em all straight back down de same road ontel dey come back ag'in to de branch dat dey wus waded th'ough an' crossed over. W'en he git dar, he make 'em all leave de road an' wade up dis branch fer a mile or so. Den he calls out his "ducks" outn de water an' takes 'em off into a great big swamp, whar dere don't nobody live. W'en dey got away out in de swamp, it wus broad day-light. They th'owed up deirselves a brush-harbor house, an' put up fer to stay dar awhile.

Nex' mawnin de Mosser an' Missus wus feelin' sorter sick from deir worryin' over Phoebee a bein' gone. So dey don't git up soon. Dey lies in de bed a waitin' fer de Niggers to cook deir breakfus an' to roust 'em up fer to come an' eat it. Dey haint got no idee dat de Niggers is all gone; so dey lies up in de bed ontel de tother white folkses comes fer to 'gin deir huntin' fer Phoebee ag'in.

Dese whitefolkses calls 'em an' dey den sorter pulls deirselves outn bed. W'en de ole Mosser git up an' find dat his Niggers haint yit put in deir 'pearunce, he git so mad dat he clean fergit offn his mind dat he wus ever been

sick. So he tells dem tother whitefolkses dat he want 'em befo' dey goes anywhars a lookin' for Phoebee, to come an' go wid him down to de Barn-house to whup his low-downed onfergotten tucky-trotten lazy-rotten Niggers w'at haint yit neider brung him no breakfus nor stirred a foot to cook him none!

So dey all goes down to de Barn-cabin; w'en lo an' beholds! de Niggers wus all gone. Dey looks aroun'; an' from de dispearunce of de beslongins, it looked lak dat dey wus moved out.

One of de white mens say right off dat deir gwine away dont make much diffunce; caze he wus got a plenty of big fat Nigger hounds, an' he'd lak to practice 'em up a liddle on ketchin runaways anyhows. Whilst dey wus a lookin' aroun' in de cabin, dey all notices a heaps of bones all piled up in de corner. Den one of de white mens allows to de Mosser dat it look to him, from de bones piled up dar, dat he haint been a feedin' his Niggers on nothin' but meat, an' he don't see how he wus managed to be able to do dat. De Mosser make answer to him dat he haint give 'em no meat a'tall; dat he jes give 'em a few squirl' bones to bust open fer to git de morrer outn to eat. Atter a liddle; one of de mens picked up a bone w'at wus almos' twice as long as his hand. He held it up an' sayed: Dat wusnt no squirl' bone!---Den dey all 'gin to turn over an' ram-shack de place. At las' one of 'em turn up de big hearth stones; an' dar wus Phoebee's head!

De Mosser jes fell out; but dey all rubs him, an' he comes back to hisself atter while. W'en he come back to hisself, he tell 'em: He hate it awful bad dat he didn' starve de Niggers to death; but, beance he fail to do dis, he wus a gwinter give 'em all his whole plantation to help him hunt 'em down an' kill 'em!

Den dey took de head up to de house. W'en de Missus see de head, she swoon off an' fall out. No col' water an' no rubbin' don't bring her back. Dat wus de las' of her!

Dat evenin' dey took de Missus an' Phoebee's head to de "Big" whitefolkses' grave-yard, whar heaps of de "Big" folkses graves wus all boxed over wid great big high boxes made outn rock. Dey buried 'em dar.

Nex' day de white folkses all come togedder wid deir packs of Nigger dogs w'at dey calls blood-hounds. Dey took 'em an' put 'em on de trail at de Barn-cabin. Dey follered de tracks right down de big road smack jam to de pond. Den dey walks aroun' de pond, an' looks in de water, an' stands an' barks.

De white mens all comes a ridin' up on deir hosses. Dey sees de dogs a stan'in' 'roun', a barkin' at de water! Dey all den say to onenudder dat dis look mighty cu'ious---dem ar dogs a stan'in' dar jes a barkin' at de water! Dey sholy mus' a missed de trail! So dey takes de dogs back to de Barn-house fer to trail de course over ag'in. Ag'in, de dogs go a trackin' to de pond; an' dey stop an' bark at de water!

Well, de owner of de dogs say dat de Niggers wus done gone an' done deir own killin' job fer deirselves; an' so all of 'em can go on home an' res' easy.

De Mosser say dat he wusnt so shore 'bout dat; caze you never could tell nothin' 'bout dem ar Outlandish folks-eatin slaves Nigger Conjers. So he say he think dat dey'd better git a pole an' some big pot hooks an' drag de bottom

of de pond ontel dey rakes out one of 'em, so as to clinch de nail dat dey's in der dead.

So dey goes an' gits some pot hooks an' a pole; an' dey drags de bottom of de pond de balance of de day. Dey rakes out mud, but dey don't rake out no Niggers made outn mud!

De nex' day de white folkses come togedder an' talk it all over; an' dey makes up deir minds to trace de Niggers up wid de dogs ag'in. Dey all allows dat "de third time wus de charm"; an' de dogs would be jes bleedged to trail straight.

So dey takes deir dogs down to de Barn-house once mo', an' puts 'em on de track. But dem ar dogs don't do nothin' but go right straight down dat road to dat pond an' stan' 'roun' an' bark at de water!

Well----. De white mens all come up an' put deir heads togedder to study it all out. Dey look at ev'ry thing, up an' down, 'cross an' 'roun'; den dey say dere haint no two ways 'bout it: De dogs wus conjured!

Some mont's after dat, dem same Outlandish Folks-eatin slaves Niggers come outn de swamps fer to hunt up some wa'nuts an' hick'rynuts to eat. After dey git de nuts, one of 'em slip up in de whitefolkses' gyarden fer to git some red pepper an' sage an' so on, fer seasonin' up some swamp rabbits and mud turkles w'at dey wus cotched up to eat out dar in de swamps. He got de stuff; but, as he dis'pear from de gyardin into de woods, ole Uncle Moze--de white folkses' house-boy--seed him an' knowed him. Dis Outlandish Folks-eatin Nigger git away easy; but ole Uncle Moze go jes as straight as a arrow an' tell his whitefolks.

Moze's Mosser take him an' de blood-hounds, an' go an' git de runaway Niggers' Mosser. Den de two white Mossers, on deir hosses wid deir guns, an' Uncle Moze on foot wid de blood-hounds, go to hunt 'em up whilst de trail wus hot, to kill 'em.

De hounds barks an' sticks to de trail, an' starts fer de swamps whar de Niggers is. Dem Niggers hears 'em a comin' mo' dan heaps o' miles away. W'en dey hears 'em, de Big Black Witch Root Doctor tell 'em all to grab deir bundles an' perversions an' de black cat an' foller him! He lay it on 'em dat dey mus' keep up wid him, do w'at he tell 'em, an' rub de black cat hard in de right way fer good luck! Dey all does w'at he say do.

He leave de swamps, an' make a bee-line fer de "Big" whitefolkses grave-yard, whar deir ole Missus an' Phoebee's head wus buried. Dey all follers him in a line; an' passes de black cat, as dey goes, from one to de tother, so as to have 'em all rub her fer good luck.

W'en dey gits to de grave-yard gate, de Big Black Witch Root Doctor make 'em all stop. He den make 'em all rub deir footses wid "goofer"¹ an' de red pepper w'at de one stole outn de gyardin w'en ole Uncle Moze seed him. After dis, he tell 'em all to go an' hide deirselves in de rock boxes over de graves, an' to stay dar ontel he call 'em by crowin' lak a rooster. At las' he tell de

1. "Goofer" means some kind of conjurer's mixture.

Niggers w'at wus his podner in de gedderin of wa'nuts an' hick'rynuts, an' w'at wus at dat time got de black cat, to come an' hide wid him over de same grave.

De hounds wus a comin'; but dey wus fur enough away dat de Niggers wus all got plenty of time to git hid. De two white Mossers wus tol' old Uncle Moze to go on an' keep up wid de hounds through de swamps, an' woods, an' pasters, whilst dey rides along de big road, a keepin' in callin' distance w'en de game is treed. Dey says to Uncle Moze: If de dogs ketches some of de Niggers to jes let 'em shake 'em an' t'ar 'em all dey wants to; an' if dey goes to roost in de trees, to jes let 'em stay dar ontel dey comes an' shoots 'em offn deir perch.

Uncle Moze keep up wid de hounds an' de white Mossers foller. De dogs circle th'ough de swamps by de brush-harbor house; an' den dey turns, hot on de trail, an' makes a straight line fer de graveyard. De dogs barks an' trails; Uncle Moze keep up wid 'em; de white mens foller 'long de road on hosses.

W'en dey gits nearly to de grave-yard, de Big Black Witch Root doctor an' his podner hears 'em a comin', an' dey rubs de black cat hard in de right way fer good luck. At las' de Big Black Witch Root Doctor say to his podner: Dat de black cat keep on a lookin' so hard at de wa'nuts an' hick'rynuts w'at dey wus geddered dat he think dat she mean dat dey should ougter divide 'em 'twixt an' 'tween 'em an' not make no bone² about it, but jes count 'em out loud between 'em.

So dese here two Outlandish Folks-eatin slaves Niggers, a lyin' up dar in de graveyard box, 'gin to 'vide up de nuts. Dey 'vide 'em dis way: De Big Black Witch Root Doctor would say, "I'll take dis one!" an' den his podner would say, "Well, I'll take dat one!" Dis way, dey 'vide up all de nuts 'tween 'em, a takin' one at a time. Dey jes keep de 'vidin' of de nuts a gwine in a reg'lar song lak dis:

(The Witch Doctor)

(The Witch Doctor's Partner)

"I'll take dis one!"

"I'll take dis one!"

"Well; I'll take dat one!"

"Well; I'll take dat one!"

Well, atter while, de bloodhounds trail de Outlandish Folks-eatin Niggers right up to de graveyard gate. W'en dey git dar, an' goes in de gate a sniffin' de Niggers new-made tracks, dey drawed a whole passel of dat red-pepper up air nosses--dat w'at de Niggers wus rubbed on deir footses--all mixed up wid "goofer." W'en de pack o' dogs git dat 'ar "goofer" an' red pepper all drawed up deir noses, dey jes turned tail an' runned off a whinin' an' a howlin' down

2. "Make no bones about it" means in an unconcealed manner.

de road towards home!

Uncle Moze see all dis take place jes inside of de grave-yard gate, an' it make him feel sorter skittish. So he sorter crep-crope up to de gate of de grave-yard an' stop an' lissen. Terreckly he sorter ketch de sound, an' he hear it a gwine, jes a sing-songin':

"I'll take dis one!

"Well, I'll take dat one!"

"I'll take dis one!"

"Well, I'll take dat one!"

Honey! Uncle Moze retched up an' got his hat, an' he go off down de road jes a kitin' an' a splittin' de wind right behind' de hounds.

De two white Mossers fust met up wid de hounds a whinin' an' a howlin' an' a kickin' up dust towards home. Dey bofe stopped an' looked at de dogs; den dey called an' blowed deir horns fer 'em to stop, but dem dogs dont pay 'em no mind. Dey keeps on a gwine. Dey looks lak dey mought say, if dey could git de time, "I haint got no time to tarry!"

Terreckly de Mossers looks up an' dey sees Uncle Moze a comin' jes lak he wus been shot outn a muskit! Dey drawed up deir hosses' reins an' waited to see w'at he wus got to tell 'em. He sail along, an', w'en he git to 'em, he sail on pass 'em lak he wusnt got nothin' to say! Dey hails him, but he dont pay 'em no mind. He jes go on a tucky-shufflin' home! Den dey cusses loud at him, an' hollers to him: "Hey dar! You Moze! W'at's you a runnin' fer?" Uncle Moze, he holler back: "Caze I haint got no wings to fly wid!"

De Mossers look at one nudder, an' one say: "You dont reckin' he's gone crazy, does you?" An' de tother one say: "No, I hopes not!" Den dey slapped de spurrs into de flanks of deir hosses an' runned an' cotched up wid Uncle Moze. Dey headed 'im off an' stopped 'im.

W'en dey gits him headed oif an' hemmed up, dey axed him, sorter brash lak: W'at he wus a runnin' fer, lak he wusnt got no sense.

Uncle Moze drapped down on de groun', a pantin' an' a puffin' an' a tryin' to ketch his bref. Bymeby w'en he 'gin to git his wind back, he sorter manage to say--by gittin' out one word at a time--: "Well---! You's done seed dem 'ar dogs a runnin' an' a whinin'--Well, dey haint a runnin', an' a whinin' fer nothin'!"

"Well, Moze, make 'aste an' tell us w'at's de matter," de Mossers say to 'im.

Den ole Uncle Moze tell 'em dat de Lawd an' ole Satan wus up dar in de "Big" White Folkses' grave-yard a dividin' up de folkses 'tween 'em. He lay out befo' 'em how de dogs wus trailede Niggers pearntly right up into de grave-yard; how, w'en dey gits in dar, dey seed de Lawd an' ole Satan a dividin' up de folkses 'twixt 'em; an' how dey jes tucked deir tails an' howled an' flewed! Uncle Moze tell 'em dat he jes want to say dere haint no mistake 'bout it, caze he wus done crope right up to de grave-yard gate an' hid an' lissened. He wus done heared 'em a singin' dat Judgement Song:

"I'll take dis one!"

"Well, I'll take dat one!"

"I'll take dis one!"

"Well, I'll take dat one!"

Moze say w'en he seed w'at wus a gwine on, he didn't know zackly whose hands he mought fall into, so he tol' his footses an' legs to tote de body away, an' dar he wusi!

De white Mossers try to laugh at Moze but he tell 'em: Dey wus done seed dem dogs, an' dey wus done seed him; and maybe if dey dont want to pay all o' dat no mind, dey mought ride on up to de graveyard an' see de Lawd an' ole Satan too!

De white Mossers sorter grins an' dey tells Moze to wait dar; dey wus a gwineter ride up to de graveyard to see w'at kind of a "bugaboo" hin an' de dogs wus got up from nowhars. Moze sorter laid down on his elbow to res' hisself an' wait whilst de Mossers go on off up to de graveyard.

W'en dey got up to de graveyard gate, dey drawed up deir reins an' sot on deir hosses an' lissened. Sho'nough, dey hears de dividin' a gwine on. It jes go in a reg'lar sing-song:

"I'll take dis one!"

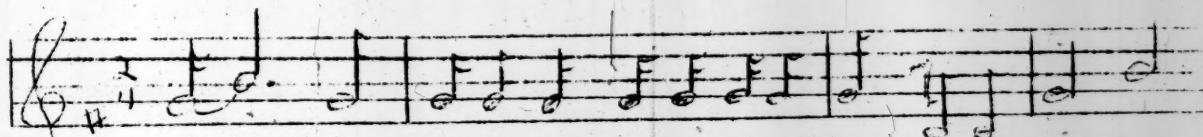
"Well, I'll take dat one!"

""I'll take dis one!"

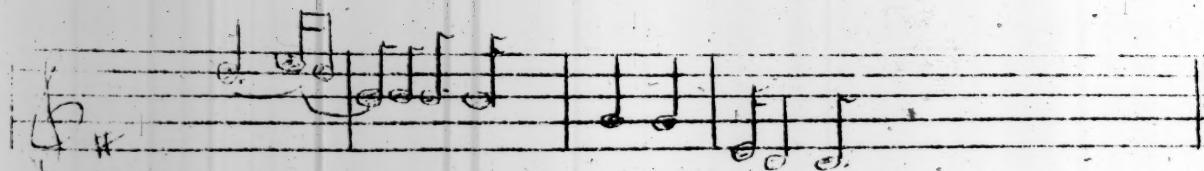
"Well, I'll take dat one!"

Dey sot dar an' dey lissened; an' it sorter look to 'em, atter while, dat Ole Uncle Moze wusnt maybe almos' gone clean ravin' 'stracted.

Bymeby de Niggers up in de graveyard rock box git about through dividin' de nuts; but dey didn' whack up in a eben number 'tween 'em. W'en dis wus de case, de Big Black Witch Root Doctor happen to ricomember dat he drapped two nuts, which he didn' stop to pick up, w'en he wus a runnin' in at de graveyard gate. So he sorter tone off lak one o' dese here Camp-meeting preachers:



Well, dere's two mo' down yon'er by de gate. You can take dem



two; an' dat 'll make things eben!

Laws a mussy! Chile, w'en dem white Mossers down at de graveyard gate hear dis dey whirled dem nags aroun', an' de way dey whup an' spur 'em away from dar wus a sin! Dey went down de road lak a blue streak, an' it wusn't no time befo' dey git to whar Moze wus.

De didn' hol' up none; dey jes shot on past him, an' dey hollered as de whizzed by: "Look out Moze! Dey's a comin'! An' w'at 's mo' an' dat!--De Lawd 's done gone an' tol' ole Satan!--He can have de ve'y nex' two dey comes across!"

Down de road, de Mossers flewed on dem hosses; but w'en ole Uncle Moze git up from offn dat groun' he wus mo' souplar dan a year ole cat; an' I tells you, he clattered along not so powerful fur behin' 'em!

Dere wus a bad mud-hole in de road which de folkses wus been a fixin' up lately by throwin' some brush in it. W'en de hosses go to run th'ough dese brush an' mud, deir footses got all tangled up wid de brush, an' dey fell an' kilt bofe of de Mossers stone-dead.

Uncle Moze come a wingin' 'long close behin' 'em. He trip up in de brush an' he tumble over in de mud. W'en he go to git up, he see de two Mossers a lyin' dar dead! But he pult hisself outn dar widout saying a mumblin word, an' he han'-galloped an' single-footed on home.

W'en he got home, he make tracks fer de white folkses' house. W'en he got dar, he fell in de doo' an' fainted away. De women folkses, in de Big House, look at him, all smattered up wid mud an' a lookin' lak he wus dyin'. Den dey looks out an' sees de hounds all smeared over wid mud, wid deir tails tucked 'tween deir legs an' a howlin'. Dey didn' see de men folkses nowhars, an' dey didn' know what to do. Dey wus jes skeard to death!

At las' dey takes de water bucket, an' goes to de rain bar'l at de corner of de house, w'at dey wus cotched full of water fer to wash clothes wid. Dey dipped up de whole bar'l full o' water an' pitched it on ole Uncle Moze, an' dat sorter brung him to.

W'en he 'gin to edge back a liddle on to his senses, he 'gin an' mumble off a whole lots of cu'ious stuff 'bout de Lawd an' ole Satan. All dis skeard de women folkses more wusser! So de calls deir tother Nigger slaves an' orders 'em to take Uncle Moze on off down to deir cabins, an' to put him to bed ontel he git some o' his gumption back. Dey tells 'em: As soon as he git some sense, fer to come up to de Big House fer dem. De plantation Niggers say: "Yassum, Missus!" an' took Uncle Moze off an' put him to bed.

A liddle atter dis, night come on; an' de Big Black Witch Root Doctor took his podner an' come from outn de grave whar he wus hid, an' he crow: "Cou---coucou-cou---!" Den all dem tother Outlandish Folks-eatin' slaves Niggers come outn deir graves to 'im. Dey went down de road a rubbin' deir black cat de right way fer good luck; an' dey seed de two white Mossers a lyin' in de mud-hole dead. Dey took deir guns offn 'em wid de satchels of loadin' what go wid 'em, an' tote 'em on off. Nex' day dey goes up by de ole Barn-cabin, whar dey useter live, an' lugged off de big kettle in which dey wus cooked Phoebee; den dey goes on off ag'in 'way down in de swamps.

W'en de night come on, an' de Mossers wusnt yit back home, an' Uncle Moze wusnt yit got no sense, de women folkses git mighty oneasy. Dey darfore called up some Nigger men slaves, writ 'em a pair of passes, an' sont 'em off to git some white neighbors to come an' go an' look fer deir Mossers.

De neighbors went an' foun' de Mossers, wid deir hosses, dead in de mud-hole. W'en dey took 'em home deir wives an' relations almos' go into spasms.

Nex' day, w'en Uncle Moze come to hisself he tell 'em all 'bout de Lawd an' ole Satan a dividin' up de folkses 'tween 'em. He end it by sayin': It look lak dat ole Satan mought a cotched up wid de Mossers an' a took 'em on off wid 'em!

Uncle Moze was de favoright Nigger 'mongst de whitefolks aroun' in dem diggins; an' w'en dey hear him say dis, dey all go outn de room a wipin' deir eyes an' a sayin' he wus done gone stock crazy. He hear 'em a sayin' dis an' he call 'em back to 'im.

He call back to deir ricembunce how dem runaway Niggers look lak dey make de blood-hounds stan' 'roun an' bark at de water in de pond. Den Uncle Moze tell 'em dat it wus pificekly clear dat dem Outlandish Folks-eatin' slaves Niggers wus so mixed up wid de Devil dat dey could do almos' any thing. He sugbest: Since de Lawd an' ole Satan didn' seem to a took no mo' people atter he git through wid de gedderin up of de folkses up dar in de "Big" white folkses' buryin' groun', dat dey bury de two Mossers somewhars else. Den w'en he git well, he'll watch fer de Niggers, find out whar dey is, an' den dey can go out an' shoot 'em down wid silver bullets.³ He add dat he dont think dat dem runaways can git his skelp; but, if dey does, he love his whitefolks good 'nough to take it fer his share.

So dey buried de two Mossers in de "new Buryin' Groun'" un'er de shade of de "moanin'" pine.

W'en de runaway Niggers git back down in de swamps, dey tied deir black cat wid a bundle of love vines, an' helt a liddle dance aroun' it. Den de Big Black Witch Root Doctor make 'em a speech. He say to 'em:

"Brudders an' Sisters, dipped an' dyed in de wool, wropped up in fellow love an' black skins:

"Our black cat, wid yaller shiny eyes, have locked de

3. There was a tradition among Negroes that if one shot at witches with ordinary bullets, they simple caught them in their hands and threw them back at their assailants. But witches might be shot and killed with silver bullets.

Mossers clean from dis worl' to de nex' one. She beslongs to de family whar all de kinfolks always has had nine lives; an' all of us w'at wants to keep on a livin' lak we is, will lakwise have nine lives. Dey may kill us; but we will rise from de dead nine times befo' we crosses de black smokin' river.

"But you all lakwise knows dat dis--our black cat--wus done an' give us good luck an' save us five times from Death w'at wus a wavin' fer us to come on a sailin' over dat river. Dis is mo' dan half as many times as she wus got lives. Darfo, if you wants to, we can sen' her to de Lan' of Cat Res' whar she will live happy, an' den, by usin' her bones, turn you all into Wull-er-de-Wusses. W'en you gits to be Wull-er-de-Wusses, you can live happy as long as de worl' stan' an' den go to de Happy Home whar deres Fritter-trees a growin' on de banks of Honey Ponds an' ev'ry day'll be Sunday."

W'en de Big Black Witch Root Doctor finish up wid his talkin', dey all say dat dey wants to git turned into Wull-er-de-Wusses.

De Doctor say: All right, he'll fix 'em all up into dat; but dey mus' promus him to stick by 'im, atter deir change, so dat he can stay aroun' in de worl' wid his nine lives, an' help out Niggers w'at gits in trouble. He say lakwise to 'em dat he dont see no ways how he can do dis unless dey helps him to git back once mo to whar all de Niggers is free. W'en he find de way, den he can come back an' git mo' Niggers an' take 'em dar: Caze "de ole Sheeps dey knows de road; de young lam's is got to learn de way."

De tother Outlandish Folks-eatin' slaves Niggers hol' up deir right hands, cross deir hearts, an' hope dey may drap dead, if dey dont stick to 'im all de way as he trabel to de "Promus Lan'."⁴

Den dis Big Black Witch Root Doctor took de big kittle an' set it up on nine rocks. Den he poured into dis kittle nine gourds full of clean clear runnin' water an' make a fire un'er it wid nine sticks of wood, an' kindled it up wid nine dry twigs an' nine leafs. He make 'em all bring up wood an' lay it down in piles of nine sticks; an' he add de wood to de fire, nine sticks at a time, ontel de water in de kittle bile.

Den he tell de tothers, w'at wus to git turned into Wull-er-de-Wusses, dat dey mus' form a circle aroun' de kittle an' do all he say widout sayin' one mumblin word to him an' to nobody else. He say w'en he git through wid de tellin' an' dey git through wid de doin', dat he'll slap his hands togedder nine times widout sayin' one word. W'en he git through wid de slappin' dey mus' all say togedder: "Yisco torbedio Affikan Change!" an' den dey'll all be turned into Wull-er-de-Wusses.

W'en dey all gits in deir circle aroun' de hot b'ilin' kittle, de Big Black Witch Root Doctor say: "Take up nine sticks an' tie 'em wid nine strips of bark!"----dey all do dis.

⁴ "Promus Lan'" means Land of Freedom.

Den he promp: "Walk aroun' de hot b'ilin' kittle nine times!---Dey all do dis.

Den he say: "I's now a gwineter throw de black cat into de kittle of hot b'ilin' water; an' you mus' keep her in dar wid yo' bundles of nine sticks ontel de meat draps ofn de bones."---Dey took a long time; but dey grip deir teef, an' keep deir moufs shut an' do it.

De Big Black Witch Root Doctor den holler out: "Each an' ev'ry one of you, now souze yo' hands nine times into de kittle of hot b'ilin' water, w'at de black cat's body is now filled wid all power!"---Dey all bites down hard on deir tongues, an' does dis.

He den say: "Let all de circle of dis new born fambly now take one bone of de black cat outn de hot water, an' put it in deir moufs, an' keep it dar, so dat she'll always be part an' parcel of yo'selves. All dem w'at do dis widout utterin' a mumblin word, atter dey gits to be Wull-er-de-Wusses can turn into w'atsomever dey wants to, by sayin' de words ag'in w'at dey say w'en dey fust gits turned into Wull-er-de-Wusses."---De Niggers grips deir teef an' bites deir tongues, an' rumbles aroun' 'mongst de hot water ontel dey gits a bone apiece widout makin' a soun'; an' dey puts 'em in deir moufs.

Den de Big Black Witch Root Doctor rake de black cat's skull outn de pot o' hot b'ilin' water wid a bundle made up of nine sticks tied togedder wid nine strips of bark; an' he put dat in his own pocket.

At de end, he say: "Jine hands in a circle aroun' de kittle!"---Dey j'ined hands. De Doctor den slapped his hands togedder nine times, an' dey all hollered togedder: "Yisco torbedio Affikan Change!"---An' dar dey stood, "Wull-er-de-Wusses."

Dey capered aroun', a turnin' into white folkses, lions, tigers, b'ars, snakes, an' all dem sorter things--jes a havin' all sorts of big fun, a lookin' at one nudder in deir new gifts. Dey jes turned into w'atsomever dey wants to by saying to deirselves: "Yisco torbedio Affikan Change!"

Dey caint talk to de Big Black Witch Root Doctor no mo' w'en dey 's along wid 'im; but dey can answer w'en he holler to 'em from away off in de woods whar dey is. Dey can lakwise make signs to 'im w'en dey 's aroun' him to let him know w'at dey 's a drivin' at.

Dey go off a piece in de woods from de Doctor, an' he holler: "You 's a gwineter set me free!" an' de answer come back from all o' de Wull-er-de-Wusses in de woods: "Free-e-ee--!"

Den he holler to 'em: "If de Niggers or de white folkses bothers me, you's a gwineter kill em! an' de answer come back from all o' de Wull-er-de-Wusses all aroun': "Gwineter kill 'em! Gwineter kill 'em!"

Den de Doctor take de black cat's skull outn his pocket, an' de Wull-er-de-Wusses come back to 'im outn de woods. W'en dey gits back to 'im, he ax 'em w'at dey wants to do fust. Dey all make answer by p'intin' one finger to Uncle Moze's cabin. (You see, Honey, deres some low-downed Niggers w'at hates you if you loves yo' Missus an' Mosser. Dat was de case wid dese Outlandish Folks-eatin slaves Niggers. W'en dey gits to be Wull-er-de-Wusses, dey heared

Uncle Moze's words still a trabblin aroun' in de air, an' a sayin' dat he wus ready to die fer his white folks; an' dem low-downed good-fer-nothin' Devils make up deir minds dat dey wus a gwineter be mean 'nough fer to let 'im do it.)

Uncle Moze wus a settin in his cabin an' a res'in' his bones on his birth-day. He'gin to think how his good Mosser, w'at got killed in de mud-hole, useter come down on his birthdays an' bring him a nice big poun'-cake an' some o' his own nice britches w'at haint eben got no big holes in de seats dat needs patchin' up; an' he 'gin to cry lak a new born baby.

Dem ar nasty Wull-er-de-Wusses hear him; an' dey thinks dat it wus a good time to begin deir devilment so as to put an en' to 'im. So two of de Wull-er-de-Wusses come outn de deep woods an' go to Uncle Moze's cabin. One of 'em say to hisself: "Yisco torbedio Affikan Change!" an' he turn into a great big black b'ar as big as a hoss. De tother one, by sayin' dis same thing, jes turned hisself back to a natchul Nigger lak he useter be befo' he git to be a Wull-er-de-Wust. Den de Nigger Wull-er-de-Wust mounted de big black hoss-b'ar Wull-er-de-Wust an' rid him right up into de doo' of Uncle Moze's cabin! De big black b'ar Wull-er-de-Wust open his mouf an' growl an' show his big long white teefs an' tushes, whilst de Nigger sot on his back dar in de cabin doo'!

Poo' Uncle Moze wus skeared into lebenty dozen duck-fits an' spasms; an' he hollered fer dear life. W'en de white folkses hears him dey runs down to his cabin fer to see w'at wus de matter. W'en dey got dar, Uncle Moze tell 'em all 'bout w'at wus done gone an' happen. Dey don't railly b'lieve him; but to make sho, dey looks ev'ry whars, but dey dont see nothin' nowhars. Dey sorter humor Uncle Moze up de bes' dey knows how; an' den dey goes on back up to de Big House, a whisperin' to one nudder dat he look lak he mought be gwine deranged.

Uncle Moze's wife beslonged to anudder Mosser on a j'inin' plantation. Him an' his ole 'oman wus got a mighty nice lakly-lookin' liddle gal.

One o' dem ar mean lowdowned-mean Wull-er-de-Wusses turned hisself into dis liddle gal an' come over to his cabin w'en it wus a gittin' jes a liddle dark, an' tell him dat her mammy say fer him to come over dar a liddle while dat night. Uncle Moze go an' ax his Missus fer to go. She say to 'im: Yes, he wus setch a good Nigger dat she wus a gwineter set down an' write him a pair o' passes w'at he could keep an' go over dar wid 'em w'en he git ready. So de Missus go an' git her fine goose-quill pen an' dipped it in some nice poke-berry ink w'at she wus jes squeez out fresh on dat ve'ry day; an' she writ him a pass. De pass go lak dis: "To Whom It May Concerns: Let my Nigger Moze, pas an' repass to see his ole 'oman w'en he git ready. I's a doin' dis wid de hopes o' savin' him from goin' raven 'stracted; but dont tell him dat dis is in de pass.---His Missus."

Uncle Moze pick up his hat from offn de groun' whar he drapped it w'en he axed fer de pass; an' he bowed hisself almos' smack down to de groun' lak de "Big" white folkses does w'en dey's a puttin' on airs. Den he thank his Missus an' tell her dat she always wus de puttiest an' best thing dat ever lived or died. She tell him: Dat wus all right; jes to go on an' injoy hisself. Dat lowdowned Wull-er-de-Wust--a makin' tend dat he wus his liddle gal--wus a settin off from dar in de dark a lookin' at it all.

Uncle Moze start off wid w'at he think wus his liddle gal, to his ole 'oman's house. Whilst dey wus a crossin' de woods-lot, de liddle gal 'gin to

grow. She growed up in a minute as high as a pine tree; den she looked down on 'im, an' grinned, an' spit fire aroun' him!

Uncle Moze run home skeard clean outn his wits. He wusnt eben able to tell w'at happened ontel de nex' day. W'en Uncle Moze tell his tale, his white folks go over to see his ole 'oman. Dey axes her 'bout ev'ry thing. She tells 'em dat she haint never sont nobody atter him. De liddle gal say dat she wus skeard fer to look out o' doors atter dark; an' she haint never been nowhars. De Missus say dat wus awful cu'ious, caze dere wus sho some liddle gal up dar at de Big House a settin off a piece from Uncle Moze' on de groun' in de dark whilst she wus a settin on de pieizzer a writin' de pass by de light of a candle. Still an' yit, de ole 'oman an' de liddle gal jes stan' her down dat dey haint never sont nowhars. De Missus at las' say dat it wus all awful cu'ious; but look lak to her dat her favoright Nigger, Moze, wus 'bout to go crazy. Den she go on back home.

De Wull-er-de-Wusses go an' make sign to de Big Black Witch Root Doctor dat dey wus now ready fer to take him whar he'd be free.

He ax 'em which way he mus' go; an' dey go an' lay moss on de norf side of de trees, an' make it git pitch dark all aroun' 'em. Den he know dat he wus to trabel to de Promus Lan' by night; an' dat he wus to go in de direction of de side of de trees w'at wus got moss laid over it. He nex' ax 'em how fur he'd hafter go befo' he'd git whar he'd be free. Dey den takes up moss an' wrops it all aroun' one o' de trees whar he wus. Den de Big Black Witch Root Doctor know dat he mus' keep on a gwine ontel he git to whar de moss is laid all over all de sides of de trees.

So de Big Black Witch Root Doctor tie his liddle bundle o' clo'es on de end of a stick, an' sling it on one shoulder; den he put his ole Mosser's gun on de tother shoulder--de gun w'at he took offn him outn de mud-hole whar de black cat took him off to de tother world; an' he sot out on his journey to de Promus Lan' of Freedom. De Wull-er-de-Wusses fed 'im an' stayed 'roun' about 'im an' took care o' him. Dey could give him ev'ry thing he need, 'cep' fire to cook his victuals wid. So, once in a while, he hafter stop in at some slave Nigger cabin, in de dead o' night, to git his victuals cooked.

Late one night he knocked at de doo' of one of de out-o'-de-way slave Nigger cabins of a big plantation; an de Niggers inside holler out: "Who's dat?"--De Doctor make answer sorter low lak: "A Frien'." Den dey gits up an' opens de doo' an' de Doctor stepped right in.

De slaves Niggers stirred up de embers an' sticked in a pine-knot to git a liddle light on de "Frien'." Den dey see dat he wus a rank stranger! W'at wus mo' 'an dat dey sees dat he wus got a gun!

De Doctor shoved de doo' to wid his foot; den he pulled a box up ag'inst it, an' sot down on it wid his gun! He cocked dat big muskit an' tol' 'em all to hold deir tongues. De Niggers look at de gun an' de big bag o' loadin'; an dey jes natchully knows how not to say nothin'.

W'en de Doctor git 'em all sorter settled down, he tell 'em dat he haint come in fer to hurt nobody; he wus jes come in fer to have 'em to cook up his week's rations which he wus got in his bundle.

So de slaves Niggers makes up a good fire an' cooks de victuals. Whilst dey wus a cookin' up his week's rations, de Big Black Witch Root Doctor tell 'em about dis, w'at I's tol' you, -- 'bout whar he come from, how he git over her in dese diggins, -- tell 'em all 'bout Phoebee's bones an' de Wull-er-de-Wusses a killin' Uncle Moze. He lakwise took de skull of de black cat outn his pockets an' showed it to 'em! Whilst he wus a showin' 'em de skull, de Wull-er-de-Wusses come to de outside o' de cabin an' fly aroun' it so fas dat de Niggers inside hear de wind almos' a whis'lin' from de flutter of deir wings. W'en he put de skull back in his pockets, dey leaves, an' nobody caint hear nothin'!

W'en de victuals wus all cooked done, de Doctor packed 'em up in his bundle. Den he telled 'em: If any of 'em say anything 'bout him to somebody befo' he wus been clean gone fer a whole year or mo', de Wull-er-de-Wusses will come to see 'em jes lak de wus done been gone to see Uncle Moze!

As he go to leave wid his gun an' bundle, he make 'em all go a piece of de way wid him out in de woods, caze he want 'em to hear de Wull-er-de-Wusses fer deirselves.

W'en he git 'em away out dar in de woods an' de hills an' de hollows he call out: "You's a gwineter set me free!" an' de Wull-er-de-Wusses make answer all th'ough de hills an' de hollows: "Free!" Den he holler out: "If de Niggers or de white folkses bothers atter me you's a gwineter kill 'em!" an' de Wull-er-de-Wusses holler back: "Gwineter kill 'em!"

Atter de slaves Niggers hears tell of de Doctor's past, an' whar he come from, an' de Wull-er-de-Wusses, dey tol' him dat he mought go right on an dey wouldn' never say nothin' 'bout him to nobody!

A year or so atter dat, w'en de Big Black Witch Root Doctor git good gone, de Niggers w'at cooked up de victuals sorter whispered de news aroun' de plantations; an' dat wus de way my grannammy come to know all 'bout dem Outlandish Folks-eatin slaves Niggers, w'at de white folkses an' yo' school teacher is now a callin' "Cannon-balls." Dey wus jes Outlandish Folks-eatin Niggers, an' I haint never hearn tell dat dere wus none of 'em now still lef in de worl' nowhars.

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"But I mus' now git up," continued Henry's mother, "an' milk de white folkses' cows. Whilst you's a gwine to school; if yo' teacher tell you sumpin' dat you dont know 'bout, you can jes come to yo' mammy an' maybe she can git it straightened out fer you. I haint never teached no school; but w'en I rolls my wheels of conbersation aroun' de axle-tree of deir un'erstan'in', I haint never see no folkses yit w'at didn' git it ev'ry bit right!"

"Yassum, Mammy, I'll be shore to come right straight to you!" responded Henry, an they arose to finish their tasks of the day.

IN MEMORIAM

Charles Faulkner Bryan, 1911-1955

Not many men of great talent have the ability to inspire friendship and devotion in such degree as had Charles Faulkner Bryan.

In part, of course, it was his talent that enabled him to extend his friendship all over the country, but it was more basically his friendliness, his freedom from pose and affectation of any sort, and his genuine interest in all sorts and conditions of people that so endeared him to a host of friends and admirers.

His interest in folklore and folk music began during the period (1935-39) that he was Head of the Department of Music at Tennessee Polytechnic Institute in Cookeville. Here, to quote from an article by E. G. Rogers (Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, June, 1947, Vol. XIII, No. 2, p. 43), "Finding that both pupils and teachers alike in the public schools had for many years been ashamed of the bounteous folk music which they heard daily, and which they coupled with illiteracy, he set about to collect, analyze and present folk music in such a way as to reveal how, in many ways, our own folk music is superior to that of other lands."

As a member of the Tennessee Folklore Society, he made several concert arrangements of indigenous folk music which were presented at meetings of the Society. His compositions began to deal more specifically with folk themes, and their use by choral groups in the South began to spread to other sections. He encouraged his students who came in from the hills to be proud of their rich cultural heritage, as he later aided in raising this in the esteem of thousands who sang and listened to his compositions and arrangements, or heard his own performances.

While doing graduate work at George Peabody College for Teachers, his interest in folk music of this region was increased through his singing with George Pullen Jackson's Old Harp Singers. This association later bore evident fruit in a collection of folk music for the public schools which he wrote in collaboration with Dr. Jackson.¹ This is said to have been the first textbook ever written based entirely upon American folksong.

Bryan's White Spiritual Symphony (part of which has been played by Eugene Goossens and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra) and other compositions in folksong idiom gained him a Guggenheim Award for Composition in 1945. Delaying his use of the award for a year, he entered Yale University for a year of graduate study in composition with Paul Hindemith.

In November, 1946, he was elected vice-president of the Tennessee Folklore Society, and was appointed by the Southeastern Folklore Society as Chairman of the Folk Music Committee of the Southern Music Education Conference.

1. George Pullen Jackson and Charles F. Bryan, American Folk Music for High School and Other Choral Groups--25 Folk Selections (Boston: C. C. Birchard Company, 1947).

Later, in 1949 and 1950, he served as president of the T.F.S., and remained an active member until his sudden death, about 3:00 p.m., August 7, 1955, while returning to the Indian Springs School for boys at Helena, Alabama, where he was professor of music.

He was driving his wife and their two children home from a visit to McMinnville, Tennessee, their hometown, when, near Birmingham, he said he did not feel well. He drove the car over to the side of the road and expired almost immediately.

Among the more concrete results of his long membership and interest in T.F.S. was a series of three articles published in the T.F.S. Bulletin, dealing with musical instruments produced and used by the folk. These were:

"The Appalachian Mountain Dulcimer," Vol. XVIII, 1 (March, 1952);
 "The Hammered Dulcimer," Vol. XVIII, 2 (June, 1952); and
 "Improvised Instruments," Vol. XVIII, 3 (September, 1952).

Bryan modestly disclaimed that these and a later article on "The Appalachian Mountain Dulcimer Enigma" (read at the 20th Annual Meeting of the T.F.S. at Cookeville, November 6, 1954, and printed in the Bulletin, December, 1954, Vol. XX, 4, pp. 86-90) were in any sense conclusive. Yet, they have definite value as records of the considerable research which he had done in this practically untouched field, and may well serve as a point of departure for more extended work in this area.

Most of his compositions, which are in the catalogues of several leading publishers, and which gained him membership in ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers), were influenced by either folksong, or folklore, or both.

Among the more important of these were: Cumberland Interlude: 1790 for soprano and orchestra (commissioned for Dumbarton Oaks, and performed there with Nan Merriman as soloist, February 7, 1947; The Bell Witch, a secular cantata for chorus, orchestra and soprano, alto and baritone soloists (premiere in Carnegie Hall, New York City, under Robert Shaw, in April, 1947); and Singin' Billy (a folk-opera with libretto by Donald Davidson), which was produced at the Vanderbilt University Theater under the composer's direction, April 23, 1952.

T.F.S. has lost one of its most faithful and enthusiastic members; this area has lost its ablest and most popular promoter of the best in its own folk music; and his numerous admirers and friends all over the country have lost one who had marked musical talent as well as a genius for friendship which will make his loss felt more keenly and personally than simple admiration for his work alone could ever have done.

--Louis Nicholas
 George Peabody College for Teachers

NEWS AND REVIEWS

THE ANNUAL FALL MEETING of the Tennessee Folklore Society will be held in the Social-Religious Building at Peabody College, Nashville, on November 5, 1955. As usual, the program will begin about 10:00 a.m. As usual, the day's activities will be both entertaining and informative. The meetings are open to all who are interested. Members are urged to bring their friends.

THE FOLKTALE THAT COMPRISES THE BULK OF THIS ISSUE was found among the papers left by Professor Thomas W. Talley on his death in 1952. Professor Talley, who taught chemistry at Fisk University for thirty-six years, was the author of Negro Folk Rhymes, Wise and Otherwise (New York: Macmillan, 1922). That book, in which the collection of rhymes is followed by 98 pages of exposition by Professor Talley, deserves to be far more widely known than it is. Not only does the author analyze Negro folk rhymes, but he describes the musical instruments used to accompany the singing of them and the dances to which they were the accompaniment.

The Tennessee Folklore Society is indebted to Professor Talley's son-in-law, Dr. Lorenzo J. Greene, for permission to print "De Wull er de Wust."

THE SECOND NUMBER of Kentucky Folklore Record contains an article on "Women in Old Southwestern Yarns" by James H. Penrod, a member of T.F.S. and a frequent contributor to our Bulletin. The Record also carries a "Syllabus of Kentucky Folksongs" by D. K. Wilgus, a Kentucky folktale collected by Leonard Roberts, and an article on riddles by William Hugh Jansen.

VOLUME V, NO. 2 of West Virginia Folklore is given over to a report of folksongs heard in Wetzel County by Mrs. H. Glasscock.

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT of the University of South Carolina has issued the second number of Names in South Carolina.

THE MAY, 1955, issue of Literature and Psychology, the newsletter of the Conference on Literature and Psychology of the Modern Language Association, presents a half page of comment on the content of the T.F.S. Bulletin. The Editor of L & P expresses surprise that the wealth of lore and superstition reported in the Bulletin has not been subjected to analysis in terms of psychology.

Manly Wade Wellman, Dead and Gone. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1954. \$3.00.

There are many motives for murder--hate, gain, jealousy, and revenge. These and others prompted the ten killings narrated by Manly Wade Wellman in Dead and Gone, an account of some of the most famous crimes perpetrated and committed in the State of North Carolina. These stories have a folk significance in the bearing which superstition and folk belief have in shrouding truth and revealing falsehood in dealing with crime.

A general is killed by a political opponent after the War Between the States, but the mystery surrounds the killer of the killer, disguised as one of a Klan of masked men. A young girl gives her husband arsenic out of concern for

another man whom her husband was about to kill. Because of her delicate beauty, the jury exonerated her and pronounced her husband's death a suicide. There was the preacher who murdered for the price of a slave but who continued to exhort until brought to trial. Ida killed her husband with an axe and tried to hide his remains in Muddy Creek. Kenneth Beasley was kidnapped, and Poor 'Omi, expectant, was strangled and cast into Deep River ford. A United States Senator turned chicken thief and was mysteriousl, murdered in a room adjoining the court-room where he was being tried.

Out of many tense experiences as described here came the usual number of ballads, folk beliefs, and superstitions. The trembling scaffold, the hangman's noose, and widow's weeds were common. The secretiveness of the frontier and jealousy of another woman, caused Laura Foster to chop her husband into quarters and burn his body upon her hearth in the presence of her suckling child. Yet it is Laura's ghost which now points out the spot of tragedy as she glides silently toward you out of the night.

--E. G. Rogers
Tennessee Wesleyan College

Kiehl Newswanger and Christian Newswanger, Amishland. Hastings House: New York, 1954. \$5.00.

Held together by religious, social, and lingual differences, the Amish people of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, have maintained their cultural identity unchanged by trends of modern progress. And yet the Amish have made theirs the richest agricultural county in the entire United States. Artists by profession, the Newswangers (not Amish) live among them and accept their way of life in order to interpret more truly the art which identifies their way of life. The many paintings, etchings, and drawing illustrating the book are done by Kiehl Newswanger while the descriptions are done by his son.

The volume reveals the manner in which the Amish people live--how they work, play, worship, marry, rear their families, share with their neighbors, and serve God. Although the Amish have refused to accept the modern and scientific methods of machine farming, their children are taught to love the soil and to remain good farmers. The parents of a newly-married couple set the youngsters up as producers of the soil. Black is the usual color of their clothing which is generally home-made. The Amish women are industrious, keeping abundant gardens, full pantries, and a clean house. They share labor in seasonal activities, in house and barn raisings, and in meeting emergencies due to disaster much as did the early pioneers. Each twenty families form a congregation for worship so that most of their meetings may be held in the homes. Some of their harvesting activities such as potato gatherings, peach pickings, tobacco spearing, and apple snitchings become occasions on which fifty or more young people will come together in a sort of social celebration. And the Sing (singings), usually held at night, usually in one of their large comfortable barns, is another form of social pastime for the youngsters. A weeding is always a social affair calling forth the best which their pantries afford. Baking is a particular accomplishment of the Amish women. The Bible is read daily, and grace is said before and after each meal.

"The Amish are a branch of the Plain People known as the Mennonites, originally the Swiss Brethren or Anabaptists. a radical end of the Protestant

Reformation in Canton Zuerich, Switzerland." Those interested in folk art, as well as in the folk arts, will enjoy this book and find it extremely informative.

E. G. Rogers
Tennessee Wesleyan College

MacEdward Leach, ed., The Ballad Book. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1955.
842 + xiv pp. \$7.50.

It is a pleasure to receive a book as handsome, as scrupulously and wisely edited, and designed to fill as keen a need as Professor Leach's Ballad Book. Among other parts it contains a forty-four page introduction, ancient texts of 185 "Child" ballads, more recent variants of many of them (including many texts collected in America), several Danish analogues in translation, fourteen non-Child British ballads, forty-five "American Ballads by Origin or Adoption," a glossary, a bibliography, and an index of ballad titles. Though not textually as high principled or fully documented as Sargent and Kittredge's English and Scottish Popular Ballads, which it is obviously designed to supersede, its material is adequate for most purposes. Like Barb'ry Allen's grave, "long and narrow (to fit the single-column texts), The Ballad Book provides clear, authentic texts of the better and better-known ancient folk ballads between covers with the best of the more recent British and American productions.

The author's definition of "ballad" is so good as to deserve quoting from the Introduction:

The primary characteristics are as follows: (1) The ballad tells a story; (2) it tells its story in song, in simple melody; (3) it is folk story-song since it has the unmistakable qualities of treatment, of style, and of subject matter that come only from folk culture. The two secondary characteristics--impersonality and concern with a single situation rather than with a developmental series of events --are not integral, but expected....A ballad is a narrative folk song that fixes on the most dramatic part of its story and impersonally lets the story move of itself, by dialogue and incident, quickly to the end.

But two other terms are inadequately defined: "adoption," which to the editor's mind makes certain ballads American, and "carol." The inclusion of so many Danish ballads in translation also seems undesirable; of the 290 variants of different kinds of the 185 Child ballads, nine are Danish, of which several are quite long. That paralleling Child 59, "Sir Aldingar," for example, contains seventy stanzas. Perhaps the space might have been more fruitfully devoted to "Jock o'the Side" or "Lizzie Lindsay," or "Billy Grimes," "The Boston Burglar," "Charles Guiteau," "The Downfall of Fort Donelson," "The Farmer's Boy," "Jack Monroe," "Johnny Doyle," "The Miller's Three Sons," "The Mistletoe Bough," "The Noble Skewball," "The Rich Irish Lady," "The Sheffield Apprentice," "The Silk Merchant's Daughter," "The State of Arkansas," "Tom Halyard," or "William Hall." Surely "Lookin' for the Bully of the Town" could have been omitted.

The folk music lover's first reaction upon seeing The Ballad Book is dejection and rejection. Here is another collection, of 244 different folksongs, with only two incidental, unintegral tunes! That proportion may have served very well for the Dark Ages, prior to the Twentieth Century, but not for these enlightened times when a folksong is universally conceived of as a "text-tune complex" of which either component is plaintively incomplete without the other. And Professor Leach states on page 23, "We now realize that ballad structure cannot be studied accurately without constant reference to the music." However, in his Preface he convinces this reviewer, at least, of the essential rightness of his procedure by a handful of justifications the most agreeable of which is, "I feel that it is more desirable to have an adequate representation of texts than an inadequate representation of texts with musical scores." His other reasons are less convincing: that "no system of musical notation that I am aware of can indicate accurately the music of the ballads" (But is not a somewhat inadequate one incomparably better for a student of the ballad in its wholeness than none at all?), and that "No teacher of ballad teaches from a score. He teaches by demonstration if he has the gift of song." (But how can he teach by demonstration if he is not provided with an air? Is the conception of demonstration that he must have learned the ballad surrounded by all the trappings of oral tradition?) To facilitate finding canned demonstration a semi-evaluative list of sound recordings is given beginning on page 834. Readily available on the market, they embrace seventy-seven of Professor Leach's 244 ballads.

It is obligatory also to point out other shortcomings of the book. To begin with, the title is something of an oversimplified misnomer. The Ballad Book deals in ballads of British, American, and Danish collecting only. Next, the Preface begins with a statement that can only be accounted for by assuming typographical error. What sense can be made of the syntax of "extending from medieval times to the present, ranging in space, as many of them give succinct readings of life. Truly they are no specific time or place"? The index is inadequate, listing only titles of ballads and them only by the first significant word in each title. Therein, for example, "The Broken Token" does not appear. As another example, not even in the headnote to "The Fox," much less in the index, are we informed that the song is often known as "The Black Duck." Versions of "The Broken Token" appear in two places, the disjunction not being commented on: one on page 315 as having been spawned or influenced by Child 105, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," and the other on page 702 under the title "A Sweetheart in the Army." And finally, the American orally-collected texts of some of the other ballads are fantastically ill-chosen. The compiler seems to have relied too heavily on the back files of the Journal of American Folklore and on his own personal collecting. In addition to "The Broken Token," no fewer than thirteen ballads, including eight Child ballads, exist in better preservation in my own collection than in the orally-collected comparable variants presented in The Ballad Book. And my collection is a relatively small one of seven hundred items. These thirteen ballads are Child 73 (four better versions in my collection), Child 84 (three), Child 200, Child 243, Child 277 (three), Child 278, Child 286 (two), Child 295 (three), "The Butcher Boy" (two), "Father Grumble," "The Lexington Murder" (four), "The Silver Dagger," and both the Myrick and the Sally types of "Springfield Mountain."

Harper's is to be commended for the physical makeup of this volume. Absence of illustrations makes practically every page useful, the type is large and clear (this is a chief advantage over Child and Kittredge), the sheets are

all but opaque, and the book will lie flat open at any page in it.

In summary, despite its imperfections The Ballad Book serves as the most useful repository of English and American ballad texts. Less complete than Sargent and Kittredge, it contains enough of the English and Scottish ballads for most purposes, and the inclusion of later variants including the American is of immeasurable value in this country. Professor Leach has well served the cause of ballad literature popularization in America.

--George W. Boswell
Austin Peay State College

The Ballad Record, sung with guitar accompaniment by Ed McCurdy; edited by Kenneth Goldstein. RLP 12-601. New York (418 West 49th St.): Bill Graver Productions, 1955. 12", 33-1/3 r.p.m., \$4.98.

From The Ballad Book MacEdward Leach selected twenty songs for recording on a disc designed "as a musical supplement" to his book. Seven of his selections ("Sir Patrick Spens," "The Three Ravens," "The Twa Corbies," "Get Up and Bar the Door," "Son Davie, Son Davie," "The Unquiet Grave," and "The Bitter Withy") represent purely British traditional ballads; four ("Crow Song," "Black Jack Davie," "Old Bangum," and "High Barbary") are American variants of British ballads; four ("Brennan on the Moor," "The Butcher Boy," "The Poor and Single Sailor") are broadside ballads from varying sources; and five (two versions of "Springfield Mountain," "John Henry," "Canada I. O.," and "Naomi Wise") are songs that originated in America. They are adequately sung, without trickery or histrionics, by Ed McCurdy. Kenneth Goldstein has provided interesting and useful cover notes. The record is accompanied by a pamphlet containing texts of the recorded songs.

It will be noted that six of the ballads are from the Child collection, and three others are American versions of Child ballads. The tunes to which these songs are sung are particularly interesting in comparison with those of the more modern (in general more melodic) songs of relatively recent origin. Indeed, on many counts this collection, with its wide range and carefully planned organization, is a great boon to the student of balladry. Connoisseurs, of course, may take exception to some choices of both texts and tunes, but even the most critical will find much to please them in these recordings.

Quite properly, the guitar accompaniment to the singing is unobtrusive. The technical recording is generally well handled. The particular disc reviewed was defective in certain spots, but presumably that would not be true of other copies.

--W. J. G.

Irish Street Songs, sung to guitar accompaniment by Robin Roberts. SLP-63. New York (27 Union Square West): Stinson Records. 10", 33-1/3 r.p.m., \$3.00.

As Miss Roberts explains on the cover of this album, the songs she here records are of the type that began to flourish in Ireland in the early eighteenth century. Most of those presented on this disc, however, have a much

more recent origin, some having been composed within the last forty years. Some of the songs were collected by Miss Roberts in America; others she found in Ireland, where she was for a time engaged in theatrical work.

The melodies of these songs all have qualities in common. It is, for this reason, the more surprising to find that one of them is clearly "the ancestor of our cowboy song 'Git Along Little Dogies.'" The Irish accent is evidently capable of being readily replaced. Themes in the collection are varied, though naturally a number relate to events in Irish history, particularly the struggle for independence.

Miss Roberts has a clear, pleasing voice. She sings these songs with competence and quite evident enjoyment.

-W. J. G.

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